

Fall Is With Us

When the storm
knocked
the storm-window

Off the pantry
at the guest-ranch
we found a pound

Of stale butter
to put in someone forgot

The deep-freeze
a three-pack
of condoms

Never opened
we had never
thought

Of those
fornicating
summer people

As being
so delicate
as all of that

69604

Did Ever

Did ever
such as I
seek

For anything? -- proud in
his squalor

Seek knowledge
or cunt
or a halo

The irreconcilables
if ever
are reconciled

In my presence proud though
I am in squalor

At least I have sought for each of these

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